

# DEAD

# LAST ISSUE



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1.00

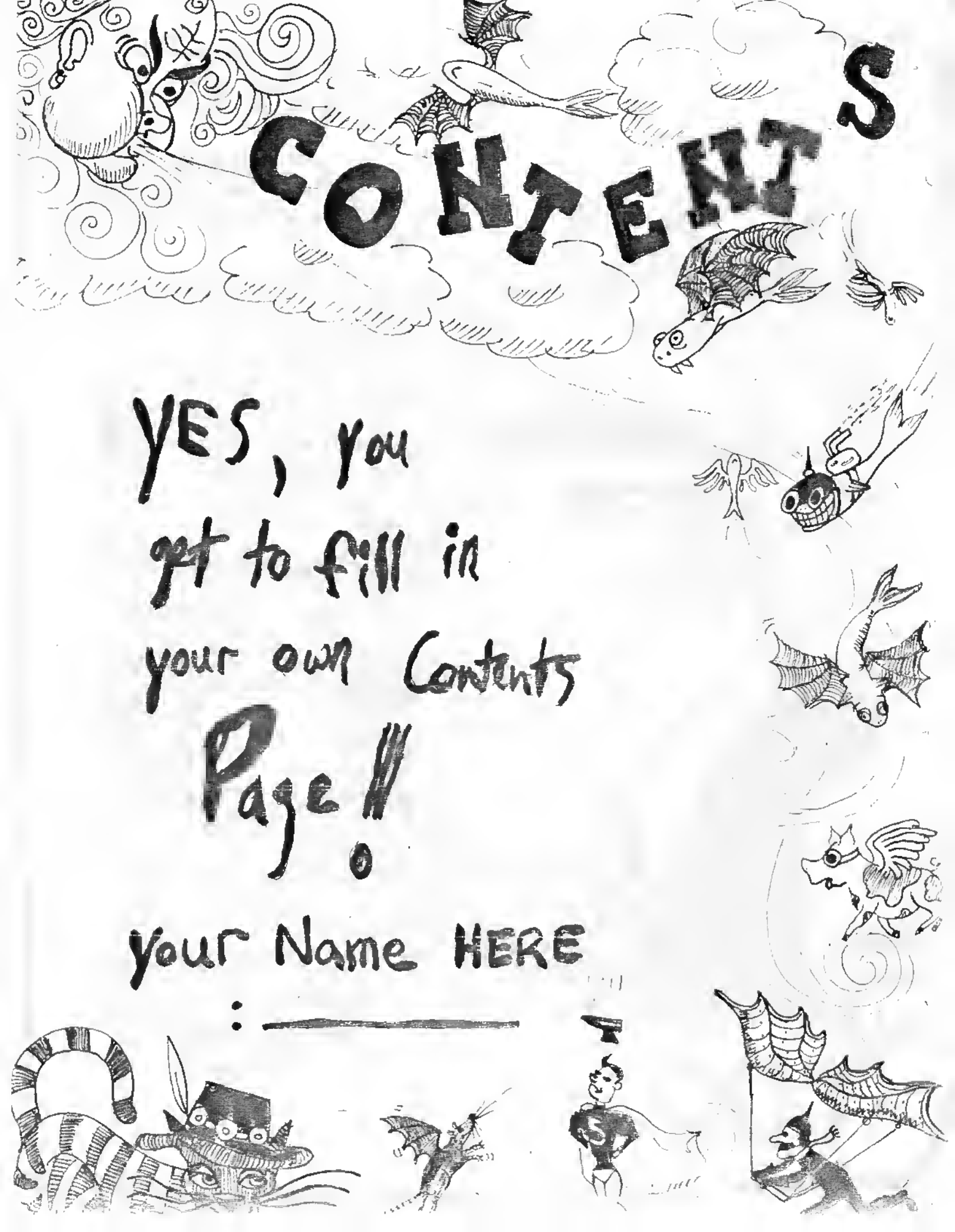
# FISH

# CONTENTS

YES, you  
get to fill in  
your own Contents  
Page!

your Name HERE

: \_\_\_\_\_



# The Better Way ?

As I mask my body into the already too crowded subway train I cant decide who is worse, the lady beside me who is wearing too much Gorgio or the guy on the other side of me who smells like he hasnt taken a bath since Jaws came out. Anyway, I am praying that the conductor doesnt open the doors before the train stops cause if he does ill fall right out. WHEEW I made it to another station, only two more to go untill I reach Spadina where I transfer to an equally crowded train. Off of Eastbound on to Southbound towards St. Andrew (The excitement is just about killing me) Ahh ,now I get to the nice uncrowded streetcar ride that lays ahead of me. I am finally waking up, OHH NOO its turning up Parliment and I have to get off and walk the rest of the way (I am late) .But what can you do?

IM BUYING A CAR  
- Jessica -



Chickens.

Gonna round up the chickens  
'til the sun goes down  
Gonna cut off their heads  
'til their blood covers the ground  
Gonna pluck off their feathers  
'til my fingers turn red  
Gonna rip out their guts  
boy I love to see chickens dead

Momma's gonna bake 'em in the oven  
'til they're good and done

I'm gonna eat 'em all up  
Oh, aren't chickens fun.



THE ONE, THE ONLY....

VENICE BEACH

Heather  
Sneith

Over Christmas holidays, I was fortunate enough to go to California. While there, my friends and I ventured to Venice Beach, not knowing of the surprises ahead.

Venice- better known as muscle beach- beach is well known for the 'freaks' that live down there. Now when I say 'freaks', I don't mean your run of the mill Torontonians weirdo, no, I'm talkin' about real live insane people that you've only seen in movies.

THE SETTING- First of all, anything you've had nightmares about is definately for sale here. Second, racing by you every five seconds is a disco queen/king on roller skates.

You wanna talk raunchy? Picture men and women lifting weights right there on the boardwalk. Who are they trying to impress? The women were the worst though. Not only were they lifting weights to impress the tourists, but they also wore 'punk-rock' wigs. Too much.

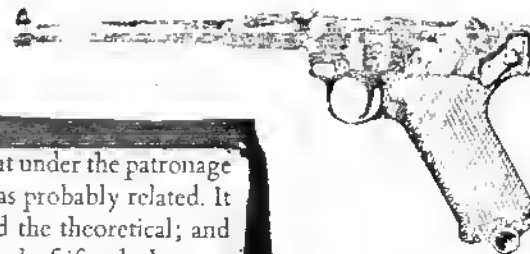
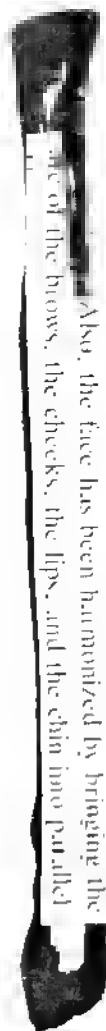
Okay, now comes the weirdest I've ever layed eyes on! This guy who claimed he was from some island of some sort, yelling, "You wanna see my ass on the glass?!" He was standing on a chair ready to jump onto a pile of broken glass. Everyone in the crowd that had gathered around him, including me, wanted to see his 'ass on the glass', so we told him so. So he jumped, receiving no cuts. Then he proceeded to lie down on the glass, summoning a very large man from the audience to stand on him. He received no injuries, and got over one hundred dollars for doing so.

While walking away from the crowd, we layed eyes on a man wearing roller skates pushing a cart/taxi with a speaker making race car sounds. He skated towards us and promptly asked us if we would like to take a spin in his Forche. He graciously refused and walked quikly past him.

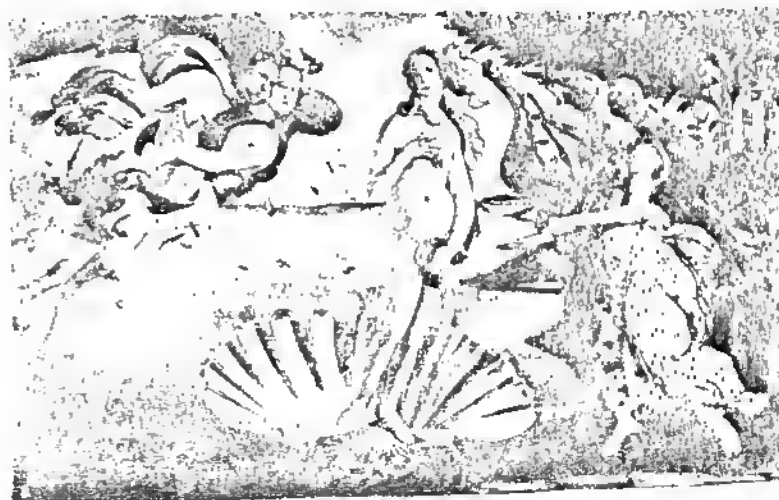
We had a very exciting day, even though there were wall to wall freaks. But Venice beach also had some good points. The hotdogs sold on the beach were absolutely amazing. There was also a really good reggae band playing along the boardwalk. But I was glad when we left. It was a little too scary for me!



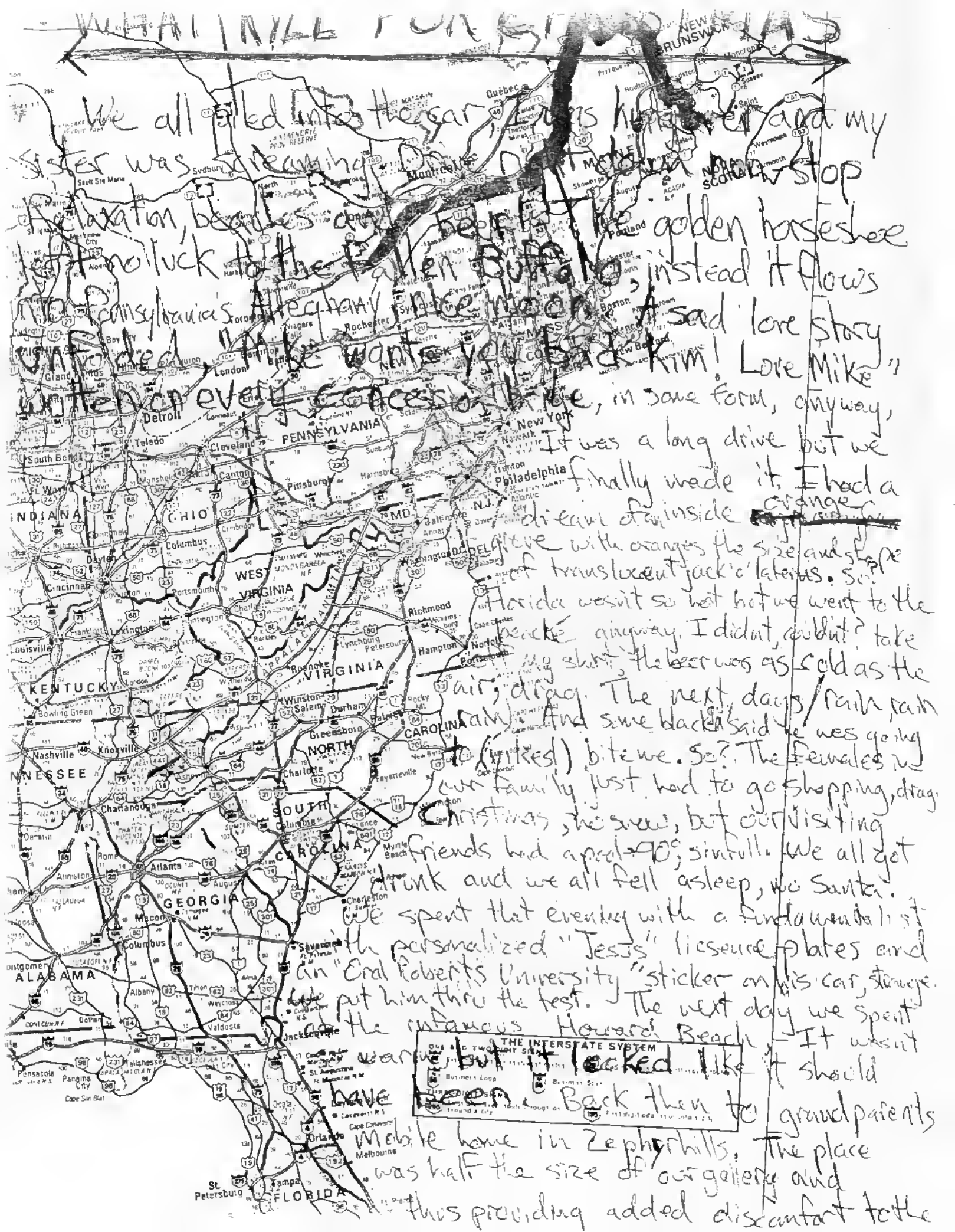
## 書讀愛我會社香書



Archimedes' own work was carried out under the patronage of the king of Syracuse, to whom he was probably related. It divides into two parts, the practical and the theoretical; and much of the first can be quickly disposed of if only because it is so legend-shrouded. Any man with a reputation for inventiveness living in an age when neither such men nor written records are common tends to be credited with all the bright ideas of his time, and Archimedes has hence suffered the same fate as Roger Bacon. It is improbable, for instance, that he invented the incendiary mixture called 'Greek fire', whilst two other 'secret weapons' attributed to him - a crane for lifting ships bodily out of the water, and a huge mirror for setting them on fire - sound in themselves rather far-fetched. All that these traditions prove is how early in history war acted as a spur to invention.





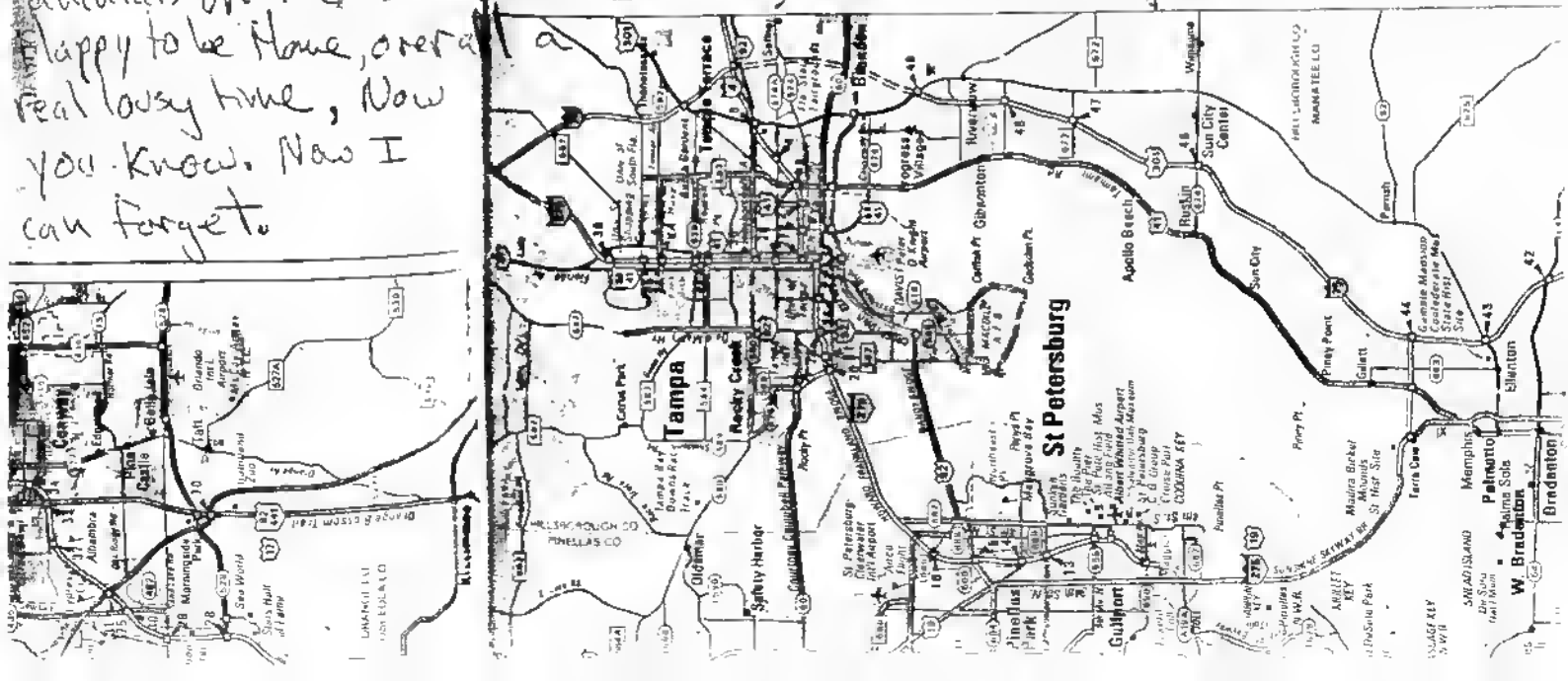


We all piled into the car, sister was screaming  
Relaxation, besides a beer for the golden horseshoe  
a fall to the fallen Buffalo, instead it flows  
Pennsylvania's Allegheny, A sad love story  
Unfolded, Mike wanted you to back him! Love Mike  
written on every concess  
It was a long drive but we  
finally made it. I had a  
dream of inside orange  
I've with oranges the size and shape  
of translucent jack-o'-lanterns. So  
Florida wasn't so hot but we went to the  
beach anyway. I didn't, did I? take  
my shirt, the beer was as cold as the  
air; drag. The next days/rain, rain  
And some black said he was going  
to (smile) bite me. So? The females in  
our family just had to go shopping, drag  
Christmas, she saw, but our visiting  
friends had a pool; sinfully. We all got  
drunk and we all fell asleep, no Santa.  
We spent that evening with a fundamentalist  
with personalized "Jesus" license plates and  
an "Earl Roberts University" sticker on his car, strange.  
we put him thru the test. The next day we spent  
at the infamous Howard Beach. It wasn't  
war, but it looked like it should  
have been. Back then to grandparents  
Mable home in Zephyrhills. The place  
was half the size of our gallery and  
thus providing added discomfort to the



For New Year's Eve  
the street was  
animals on the sides  
happy to be home, over a  
real busy time, Now  
you know. Now I  
can forget.

we'd already  
I thought  
Florida was rather  
the winter  
that's why old folks like  
150 miles further south and  
we'd have got it, but no we didn't.  
We decided we leave early to be home  
the way back we took our time, stayed across  
US 90 YEAH! Through the carnage of dismembered  
of the road, and snow in Virginia we returned





A NEW BORN CHILD  
LYING IN A CRIB MADE OF

INVISIONS

WALKING

A LIFE  
OLD

IN WHICH  
STREETS

HE'

DREAMS

LL BE NO FOOL  
AS

SCENES

COME AND GO

TIME

STARTS TO

FLY

AS THE CRIB TAKE

S NEW FORM

HARDENS TO

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SHELL

BECOMES

IN WHICH

A WORLD  
YOU PLAY

OF ITS  
NO

OWN  
PART

BUT

THEN

NEITHER

DOES

HE

It's late at night, the temperature has dropped below freezing I'm standing outside, near an old factory. An empty pop can lies at my feet and as I give it a kick I'm overcome by a strange feeling, I'm not alone, there's someone else inside me, entering my mind is a feeling of power, a transformation. I quickly run to the factory and pry open the front door. Inside it's dark and very quiet, my footsteps echo throughout the building as I climb the stairs to the floor above. Here I sit with my legs crossed and my eyes shut, I soon begin to hear sounds, the opening and closing of doors, footsteps and occasionally a voice. I can't understand what is being said, yet it all seems so natural, suddenly the room seems different, it's much larger now and the other side of the room has become only darkness. The floor is covered with several inches of water and a thick smoke has filled the air. Many people are here with me now, they all walk with quick steps and seem to have great purpose in their actions, although, I could not imagine what. They seemed so confused I wanted to approach them but could not, then, I too was standing and conversing with people as we passed, but not by my own will did I talk to these people, I would have much rather seen them dead, but then, I was no longer in control, I had only to observe as we walked on into the darkness.

MONUMENT  
STACK

PUT MY FATHER ON THE PENNY PUT HIS SMILE AT ME ON THE SILVER  
DOLLAR FOR THEY HAVE SUFFERED FOR MORE THAN THREE EIGHTY  
YEARS AND ALL MONEY COULDN'T REPAY-MAKE A MONUMENT TO  
MY GRANDFATHER LET HIM STAND IN WASHINGTON FOR HE HAS  
SUFFERED MORE THAN THREE LIGHT YEARS STANDING IDLE IN THE  
DARK, HERO OF WARS THAT WEREN'T BEGUN-NAME A HOLIDAY FOR  
MY BROTHER ON A SUNNY PEACEFUL AND WARM DAY FOR HIS FIGHT-  
ING FOR FREEDOM HE WON'T BE GRANTED ALL MY BLACK BROTHER  
INVIE NAM RESTING IDLE IN UNKEPT GRAVES,

# VIETNAM: + U.S = ABSOLUTE VIOLENCE

This is the final part of an interview, done with Irwin Nathan, in last month's issue. Irwin Nathan was a Ranger in Vietnam with Special Services. This interview takes a look at this war of Absolute Violence and its affect on the men that fought in it.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE MEDIA'S INVOLVEMENT IN VIETNAM?

"I've never seen such bullshit in my life. In an area of combat there should be no media. I'll give you an example; a reporter was thrown out of a helicopter, O.K? He was taking pictures. I said, look if you want to take those pictures on the way back, fine, after the mission not before. He kept taking pictures. When he stopped I said, "Are you finished?" And he said yeah. One of the guys took his camera and threw it out of the port side. He complained so he was told he had one more chance or he would go out. So we . . . . we did that. We took him out to the Mah-Cong river, that's the last he ever was seen. From then on we said NO REPORTERS! You want to come; you come with no camera or tape recorder."

WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! WHERE ELSE DID YOU DURING YOUR TOUR?

"The so-called demilitarized zones were bullshit. The D.M.Z. was a farce. The enemy kept a lot of their arms there and radar and troops. I spent some of my time in Ambush Alley which was from Quantre down to Blaku which borders on Cambodia. Cambodia was a major supplier of arms to V.C. and N.V.A. "terrorists. They would run over the border, attack, and run back. We weren't allowed to go over.

(The spellings are probably incorrect.

Three times we did anyways, against orders, and got shit for it. You know what I said? Fuck 'em' because I lost a whole squad once. Fuck the orders, if the General doesn't like it than shove it up his ass.

## HOW COULD SOMEONE SURVIVE THAT?

The problem was that you didn't know who your enemy was. Not like in WWII when they wore uniforms, you knew who was who. In Vietnam it was rare that you had any idea. The guy who would be shining your shoes during the day would be throwing daggers at you at night. The Shoe boxers would come into the bars and to a child they would say, 'here, shine the American soldier's shoes. The next day the kid loaded and when he got to you and said, 'could I shine your shoes?' He would open the box and boom!

And that's it! Lose the kid, lose your legs. Do you think they give a fuck about kids. They are the easiest one to first lose.

They would take kids and give them a gun, two or three hours of training and then have them chained just so they got maneuver the gun, nothing else! If you put them against trained men and SLAUGHTER.

## WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU SAY ABOUT THE MEDIA?

The V.C. (Viet Cong) would draw fire from themselves onto civilians by creating strike zones in the villages by sending green smoke up so our Cobras would go up and check it out and all the villages would be duet. Then they would report it to the American media and blame it on us. Or how about Jane Fonda in Hanoi!!!

I wish she had been in Vietnam. She was in our shelter while our B-52's were dropping shell nearby. She maybe a great actress but someone like that should have been zapped. If it had been anyone coming in during combat uninvited they would have got 20 to life. but because shes Jane Fonda NO WAY!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE INTERVIEW,  
IN CONCLUSION WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ABOUT  
YOUR EXPERIENCE?

" I'll I have to say is that this interview has touched the tip of the iceberg. Some I can't say, others? well.... "

**Decide  
TODAY!**



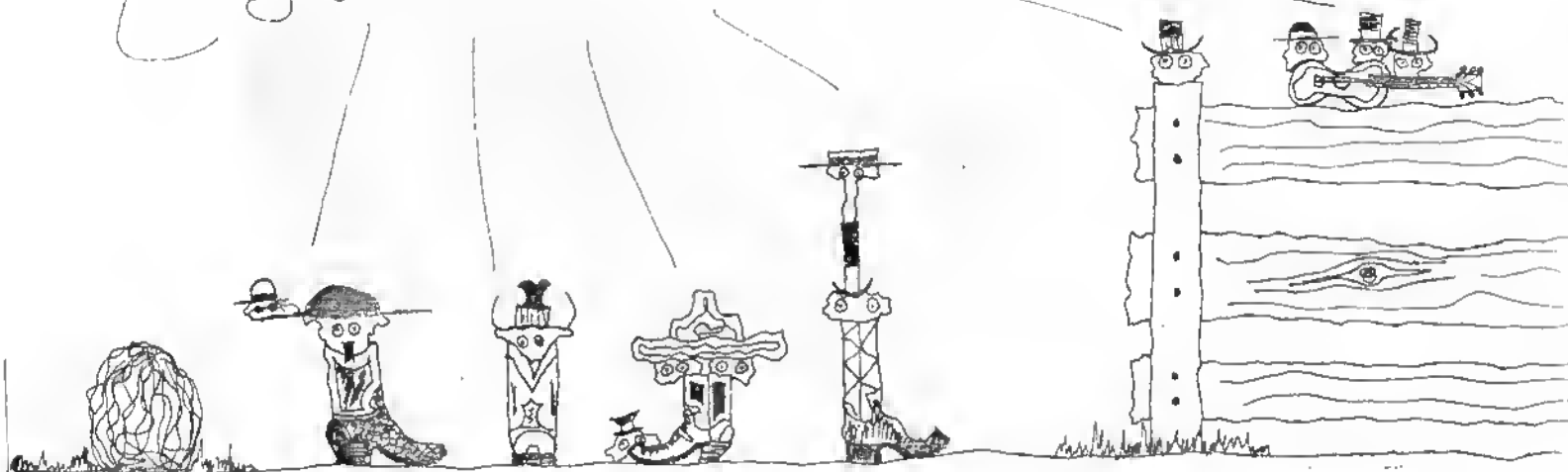
**The moon's pull**

The full moon has always been associated with strange occurrences—and now there is scientific evidence of the moon's effects on behavior and physical reactions. Increases in individual metabolism rates, tension, anxiety, and increased hormone levels, notes rate, and blood pressure have all been observed during periods of a full moon, notes an article in the medical journal *Your Patient & Cancer*. Reports also indicate that the full moon seems to cause more rapid hair growth, an increase in sleeplessness, and shifts in both the courses of certain diseases and patients' reactions to drugs.

## The Love of Fruit Song the Fly

FEMALE ORGAN that is vibrated by the song of the male fruit fly is the arista, a feathery extension of the fly's antenna. The organ is shown here 360 times larger than natural size.

Mama don't Let your babies  
grow up to be  
Cow boys



Jewel





# THE VIDEO THAT CAN SAVE YOUR BABY'S LIFE.

RAMBO: AN ALL AMERICAN

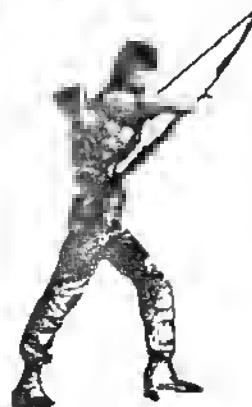
*NICE GUY.*

Rambo is the greatest propaganda play since McCarthyism. What better way to teach a nation of youngsters that the Soviet Union is, in the words of Ronald Reagan, "An evil empire". Yeah well, guess what? The Soviets, except for a few specific but minor details, is essentially the same as the U.S. Yet (I am not a leftist sympathiser. I have many right wing views but I would like to think that I believe in tolerance of others. I have a pretty unbiased view of the world and a reasonable idea on how it operates) after viewing Rambo cartoons, I could not help but feel very nauseous. All that bullshit about the freedom force and destroying tyranny in the world, what a crock of shit. People might as well face the facts. A little bit more each day the Western countries are turning into police states as society begins to breakdown into new technological components because of change. A perfect example of this is the ever increasing use of drug testing of government workers. Recently the Edmonton police force announced that it was going to be implementing such tests for their recruits. Anyway back to the big goof himself. Coming from a well educated family I am able to perceive that RAMBO for what it is ~~TRASH~~. However I greatly fear that the masses educated by a decaying system that doesn't work will be able to embrace Rambo as a national hero (many voters in the U.S. are right wing). As a result in the next ten or twenty years there will be millions of new voters who will feel that the Soviets are no better than Satan himself.

-GOD CAN ONLY HELP US THEN!

by.....JOHNATHON

# RAMBO<sup>TM</sup> ACTION PUP



ODE TO ZAMFIR

Ionce went out in search of Zamfir,  
i'll chian him up and bring him here,  
and intice the women from Orangeville,  
with him and Baby Duck

He plays his man flute.Ohsoswell,  
hes the fluotist striaght from hell.  
i know his music,Oh so well,  
because i live in Orangeville!

The pastel palaces of the suburb zone,  
blast Zamfir from all thier homes,  
my heart and griontogether moan,  
as Zamfir sets the mood!

Now I have a room of lustfull women,  
the 'Orangeville cops' heads are spinnin',  
cause I own all of Orangevilles women,  
THANK YOU OH GREAT MASTER ZAMFIR!!

DARIN



## THE WRATH OF JIMI

The other night I had what most people would call a hallucination. I was just lying in bed, pondering the days events, when a large ball of mist came rolling into my room. Out of this ball, a man formed....not just a man, but Jimi Hendrix. Call me crazy, why would he come see me?

The truth of the matter is that Jimi is gosh darn mad that a certain someone (he knows who he is) wont let Jimi rest in peace. Instead, he has to try and make him come back to life. Hey, it's cool to respect Hendrix and the music he made, but to go so far as to worship him.. well, Jimi told me that he airt pleased.

"Actually, I'm a cool guy, but I am not pleased with ----- behavior." says Jimi.

Jimi doesn't want to offend this certain someone, just wants him to chill out. "I want to be left alone!"



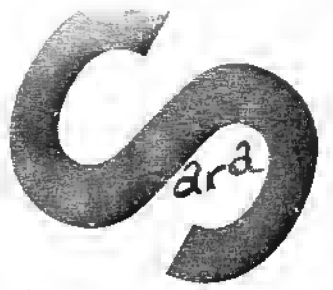
## THOUGHTS ON BIRTH

Now, that we've had our child, people ask anxiously, well.... whats it like or whats the most important thing, in your life etc. etc. etc. Most people, thinking from a philosophic viewpoint, would respond "i-c-v-e". From the spelling mistake above, and my search for an open beer store at 9:30 P.M. I've found out its "beer". Yes, my studious, health caring friends, the mundane world creeps in, at a very fast pace. Right after the child is born, the most important thing is beer. Why? Because I'm Canadian. Eh? Noooooooooooooooooooo! To get the milk flowing..... to relax the tarried mother..... to get those nutritious vitamins and trace elements for the father and mother. Mother's milk probably never tasted so good, and its sure quiet after feeding...dah dah dah dah. Its sure a curious sight, to see a nurse with a giant smile come into your wife's hospital room not bringing boiled peas or tuna salad but a bottle of Labatt's 50. At first, I heard alot of women complaining that the brew was too masculine, only the "boys" fixing trucks drink that stuff, but as the days drew on most of the new mothers agreed that they had begun to get a liking to "50".

So "50" it is.... and 9:30 P.M. without one for father or mother can be dangerous for their mental health and physical disposition. So, there it is! I'm writting(, notice the spelling mistake, as my typewriter begins to slurrrr,) this for two reasons, one that to all the purists, pundits, worry-warts about alcohol, theory does not equal practice. Life has some inexhaustable reality, a beautifulness thats beyond theory. Second, to all you pre-parents..... you better like the taste of "50".

Perhaps, thats enough of this joke, well its not really a joke, its about enjoying the small things in life, the things that make a child smile, and a father and mother recollect about. So, hail to mother's milk, beer stores that stay open to 10:00 P.M. and fathers' who slide through winter's slush, for skim milk, beer, T.V. guides AND a curious smile.





Journal



Heather S.

TAVIR

~~Q~~

Olsen

White

JESSICA

Mike Hammer KYLE

Priscilla

Be '87

Oxendine

WEL BARKH